

Plans receive mixed response

by Kathy Grove
Associate Editor
and
Yvonne Yoerger
News Editor

Student reaction to the passing of the Durrant group study renovation proposal has been varied.

The renovation, scheduled for 1979 completion, includes moving the student union to the lower level of Mary Frances Hall and re-arranging the present gym for indoor athletic activities.

Many students are pleased with the plans but have reservations about the union being located in a dormitory. "I'm glad they're moving it, but my only concern is noise," said one junior Mary Frances Hall resident.

"Ideally it would have been better to have it in a dorm," agreed another junior, "but it's better than keeping it where it is."

Mary Therese Rooney, a member of the student committee working with the architects planning the new union, said she didn't know of any other feasible place to locate the union. "If we want a new union, we are going to have to accept it," she commented.

Other students were concerned about the building itself. "I hope it doesn't ruin the atmosphere of Mary

Fran," said a senior. "It sounds great on paper but I hope the decor matches the present building."

While Marty Wathier, a senior, said it is a good idea to use the space which is not being fully utilized now, another resident was worried that the union would prevent full utilization. "I think some type of schedule should be made up so Mary Frances residents can have access to the rooms sometimes," she said.

Bringing people to Clarke is one possible advantage pointed out by junior Peg Knapp. "I'm very much in favor of it because I think Clarke needs something that will invite people from off-campus," she said.

Renae Kerker agreed with Knapp. "I think it will be an asset to the school," she said. She added that more Clarke students will stay on campus "to have a good time" rather than going out.

Reactions to the planned gym restoration also drew mixed feelings. Most opposition comes from the fact that the gym is not regulation size and thus cannot be used for inter-collegiate basketball.

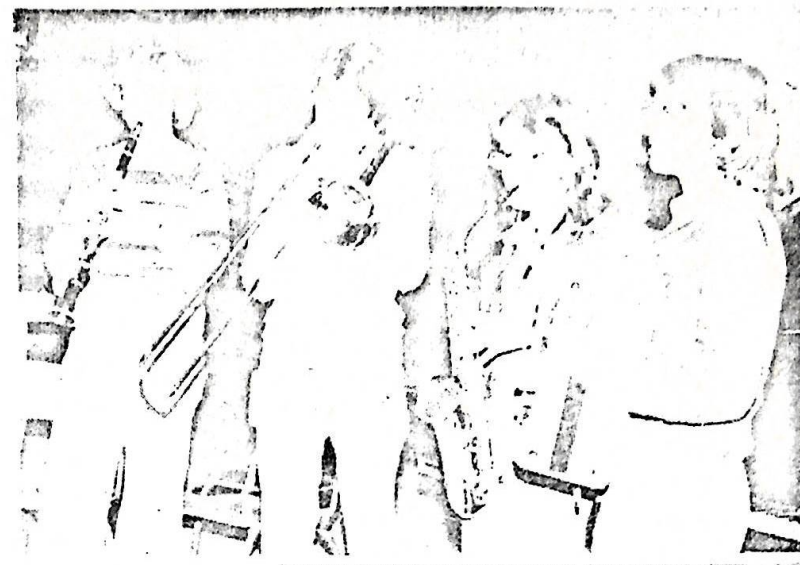
"I think we need it," said Mary Ann Heck, a member of the Crusader basketball team. "The students deserve something but I hope we (the varsity basketball team) don't have to practice with it."

Susan Thompson, a sophomore cheerleader, agreed with Heck. "It's good in some ways but it won't help the team any." But Karen Colsch, also a cheerleader, did not see this as a problem. "With Senior High so close, and our small athletic program, we don't really need a big gym. This way the gym is for the students," she said.

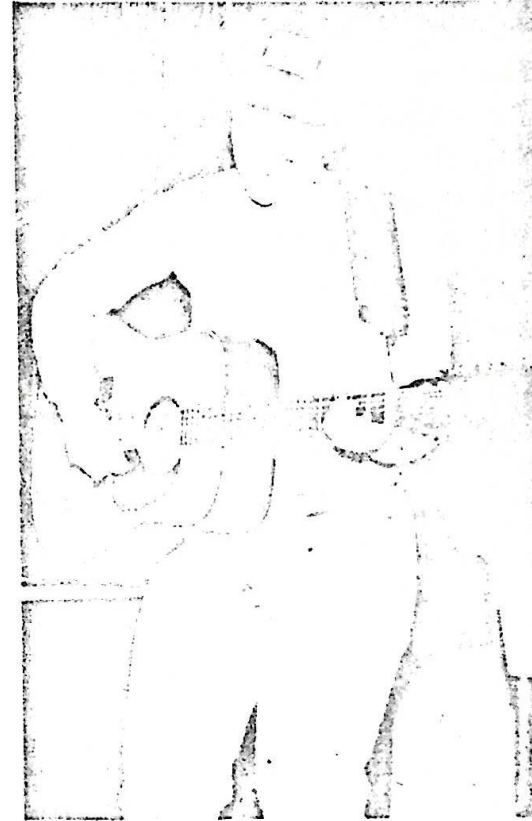
With the gym remodeled, the drama department, which has been using it for storage and an experimental theater, will gain the use of the present union as phase two of the Durrant study. Josie Ford, a junior drama major said she is happy with the decision. "It will be nice to have the union as part of the theater," she said, "but I'm for it (the renovation plan) as a whole because it will benefit all of the students."

Members of the student committee for the renovation have stressed the importance of student input on the plans. Mary Tressel also feels that this is essential. "It's important that students give their input on the plans now before it's too late," she said.

"They're giving us all this say in the plans," said committee member Margaret McMichael, "so the least we can do is use it."



Many students gathered for the Coffeehouse held in the Union last Wednesday. Above, Carol Crock, Yvonne Yoerger, Liz Petty and Delores Gales entertain the audience with polka music. Karol Bartlett, right, plays the guitar while a group of juniors and seniors listen.



the COURIER

Vol. L(B) No. 17

CLARKE COLLEGE, Dubuque, Iowa

February 9, 1979

Chairpersons named for five departments

Five new chairpersons were recently appointed by Clarke President Meneve Dunham.

Sister Carmelle Zserdin will be replacing Sister Joan Lingen in the Art department; Sister Marianne Joy will replace Sister Kenenth Keller in the Computer/Management Science department. In the Mathematics department Sister

Carol Spiegel will assume chairmanship duties from Sister James Marie Gross. Sister Bertha Fox will head the Music department replacing Sister Virginia Guame. In the Psychology Department Pat Hemmendinger will be replacing Hank Goldstein.

The chairmen-elect will assume their new duties on June 1.

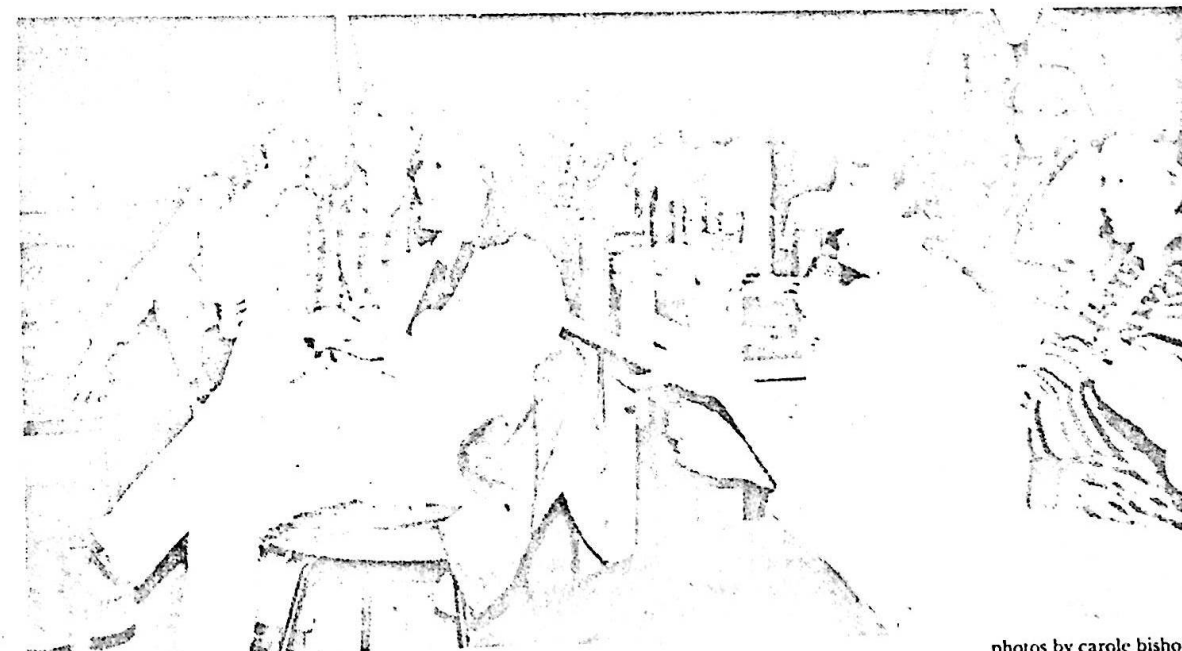
400 gather for festival

The Eighth Annual Clarke College Choral Festival will be held this weekend.

Students and their directors from forty high schools will be participating in this festival. The festival

will culminate on Saturday evening with a concert at Nativity Church.

Guest Conductor for the festival will be Dr. Eph Ehly, Chairman of Choral Studies at the University of Missouri-Kansas City.



photos by carole bishop

Signs of Winter



photos by carole bishop

Ice, snow and warning signs are all part of the winter scene at Clarke.

No Courier next week

Due to the long weekend, the Courier will not be published next week, February 16. Publication will resume on February 23.

Renovation committee calls for student input

Five students have been appointed to a committee for renovation of the student union. The students, Sandy Blake, Sharon Lundy, Margaret McMichael, Paula Murray, and Mary Therese Rooney, were appointed by the CSA Executive Council to work with the Durrant group architects on detailed plans of the renovation.

The students, along with committee members Sisters Roberdette Burns, Marianne Joy, Therese Mackin and Diana Malone, work with architects George Deininger, Dean Ibsen and Dennis Forslund.

"I'm really excited about it," said sophomore McMichael, explaining that the weekly meetings with the architects allow other

students to add their suggestions to the plans also. The blueprints will be displayed in the cafeteria so students may examine them and present suggestions to the committee.

Each week the plans become more finalized. Suggestions so far have dealt with eliminating the potential noise problem in Mary Frances Hall, building permanent furniture in parts of the union, raising floor sections in scenic areas, separating a quiet lounge from the main room, and contending with the pillars in the room.

"It's going very well," said Lundy, "but we need more student input. After all, it's going to be the student's union."

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'Courier' not public relations

In the past, certain departments and organizations here at Clarke have complained about the type of coverage the 'Courier' has given them. They seem to think that the 'Courier' should deal only with stories that project a positive image of their group. The 'Courier' is not a weekly public relations pamphlet. It is not our job to print only 'good' stories. Or, even if the main thrust of a story is positive, it is not our job to automatically ignore any negative aspect concerning that story. If we believe that that aspect is needed to give a complete picture of the situation we will print it. Members of the Clarke community have to realize that the criteria on which we make our decisions as to what situations to cover and what situations not to cover are not the same criteria that the Clarke Public Relations Office uses.

COURIER CAUCUS

Dear Faculty, Staff, and Fellow Students of Clarke,

I would like to thank all of the faculty, staff, and students for everything they have done for me since I came to Clarke. The values that I have learned and the numerous friends that I have made have been a valuable part of my life here at Clarke that will never be forgotten. Clarke will always be a second home to me, in the sense of friendships, and it was very tough for me to make the decision to leave.

I guess in the way of classes, if you want to call them that, the ones I'll miss the most will be the Courier staff and the Radio station KLRK. They have both been a fun experience for me. I want to thank the editorial staff of the Courier and Dr. Mike Turney, director and Kathy Timmerman, manager of KLRK Radio for the chance to be a part of a newspaper and radio station that will be missed very much by me.

Again, thanks for everything as it has been much appreciated. I hope to see you soon.

Appreciatively and sadly,
Mary Smith

To the Editor:

The 'Jane Situations' in last week's Courier understated the ease of the Tri-College bus. Cramming anywhere from 21-25 students in the bus has become commonplace. What's ridiculous is waiting 20 minutes for a bus that never comes. I have no quibble with the drivers, only with the administration's inability to communicate about the operation of the bus.

Cross registering for courses is becoming more frequent for a variety of reasons. At today's costs, missing one class costs \$5 — not to mention missing class. (Try telling an instructor you missed a test because the bus didn't come!)

Monday, the first bus didn't arrive until 9:45 a.m.; it is scheduled to start at 7:22 a.m.

It is difficult to imagine why a phone call between campuses couldn't have been made to alert the students to the lack of service — or to try to establish temporary transportation. Respectfully,

Carole M. Bishop

To Clarke Resident Students:

Have you experienced any feelings of frustration, anger, and disgust lately at dinner time? Are you one of those who, because of a tight schedule, arrives at the cafeteria around 5:00 p.m. in order to begin dinner at a reasonable time, but find you don't get near the door until about 5:30 p.m.? Have you felt disappointment and discontent watching some thirty people — whole wings of students — cut in front of you in line? If so, it seems you are part of the minority of considerate students here on campus. The issue here is not the case of the one or two who, for legitimate reasons, cut occasionally.

The situation is getting out of hand. All that is expected is fairness. If you are guilty in this regard, couldn't you just show a little consideration and go to the end of the line? Think about it...it's only fair!

Name withheld upon request

To the editor:

The column entitled "Jane Situations" is generally funny to read because it depicts Clarke life that all of us have to deal with but, which can be rather irritating at times. The February 2nd column, however, was not very funny. It is very true that at times the van is crowded beyond capacity which creates an uncomfortable situation. That I can laugh at. What I cannot laugh at is the fact that the van driver was called "dorky."

I am not the kind of person to say things about other people when I don't even know them. What makes it worse is that he was publicly called dorky.

The Major Behind the Masks

St. Louis experience adventurous

by Peggy Hess
Arts Columnist

Ladyhouse Blues has once again been laid to rest in TDH, waiting for word from the American College Theater Festival (ACTF) judges on its fate. The decision on whether or not it will be brought back to life again will be made in March when eight to twelve of the shows from the nation's thirteen regions will be asked to perform at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

The St. Louis caravan, originally scheduled to leave Wed., Jan. 31, at 5:30 a.m., actually departed at 1:30 a.m. Tuesday morning when we received word of a heavy snow storm which could have delayed our arrival at the festival. Few people slept that night since we had to keep the drivers of the truck and five cars awake with coffee and conversation. We pulled into St. Louis ten hours later and parked the U-Haul truck (nick-named "mule" because of the sore ass you had after the rough ride) at Washington University where the festival was being held. Then we quickly retired to the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel rooms for a desperately needed nap. Monica McCassey, however, spent the time wandering around the area, visiting near-by shops. Fortunately, a store right beside the hotel was selling watermelon, a prop which was needed but forgotten in Dubuque by the crew chairman who shall remain nameless (just check the by-line).

Wednesday afternoon, Gladys Koerperich auditioned for the Irene Ryan Scholarship award. Each participant was given six minutes to do a scene from the play they were in that was seen by the festival judges last fall, and another scene of their own choosing. Koerperich's second scene from Exit the King was prepared in just a few days. She originally practiced for several weeks a scene from Marat/Sade, but was unable to obtain the author's permission to do the piece. Despite the difficulties, she did an excellent job and could certainly be pleased with her performance.

Wednesday evening we saw the first of four plays chosen to be in the festival: Time of Your Life by William Saroyan, was performed by Webster College. Personally we found the performance to be unsatisfactory, especially in terms of character interpretation and theme involvement. Unfortunately, we missed the critique of this show the next morning as we had already begun work on our show scheduled for Thursday night.

After the Wednesday night performance, there was a party at the hotel so we could get to know other people at the festival. Thursday started for most at a very early 5:30 a.m. as Clarke students and faculty readied themselves for a long day at the Edison Theater at Washington U. setting up Ladyhouse Blues. By noon that day we had the set up, the light hung, props set and all was ready to go for rehearsal. The cast was finally able to go home and rest up by 4:00 p.m. (We're told that two of the other schools were not ready to go yet at 7:30 p.m., half an hour before their shows!)

After the show was over we spent another hour and a half striking the set and reloading it into the U-Haul. By the time we finished the task, the Clarke alumni party scheduled for us was over, as was the hotel get-together, so, being a creative bunch, we took it upon ourselves to make our own party, joined by the Washington U. Tech crew we had met that day.

The St. Louis production was one of the best performances we've given. However, the critics didn't seem to be quite as pleased with the show as we were. Friday morning, after a couple of hours of sleep, we appeared at our critique led by Harold Stein, Michael Kahn, and Min Cho Lee (whose name was continually forgotten and replaced with Ho Chi Minn and King Chow Mein). We noted that

not one of the critics or judges for any of the festival competitions was female. For the next three hours we heard of the critics' reactions to our performance the night before.

One typical comment of the judges was the assumption made by Kahn to Gladys Koerperich. She played Dot in Ladyhouse Blues, a woman who is six months pregnant. Koerperich actually is eight months along right now. Last November she was in her fifth month when a visiting critic said she didn't look pregnant enough. Now in February, the judge looked at her sitting down at the critique and said, "Have you ever explored what it's like to be pregnant?"

The one point of the critique that seemed to stand out most to me was that the critics continually said we didn't do this or that, most of which we had done but for some reason they didn't seem to have noticed. As one critic pointed out, the size of the Edison Theater probably influenced what the judges noticed on stage. At Clarke, the show was performed for an audience of under 250 people a night, in a small, intimate space. The large, precinium, Edison Theater in St. Louis seated an audience of over 500. Apparently much of the detail and feeling of the play became subordinate to the action of the show. As a result, the audience just wasn't close enough to see and feel the effects that were created through hours of research and development by the cast and the director. Nevertheless, the learning experience was well worth the time and energy put into the show. Clarke can certainly be proud of her part in the festival.

The rest of the week was spent going to the other play entries at the festival, listening to their critiques, going to workshops, more parties and dances, visiting friends and relatives in the area, and finding favorite eating places.

A few of us went to the Wok Works, a Chinese restaurant, with complete decor of a rock waterfall in the corner and a cherry blossom tree over head. Saturday night the whole gang visited Talayanas, an Italian restaurant which looked like a cathedral with its high ceiling and stained glass windows. Several people visited the St. Louis Arch, The Gateway to the West. The cubicles you ride to the top in, for those of you who haven't been there, look just like commercial size clothes dryers. Doug Schlesier played tour guide as we crossed by some of the famous Steamboats docked along the Mississippi River by the Arch.

On Friday night we went to Storybook put on by Park College. The show was a take-off on the play Story Theater which the University of Dubuque presented last spring. The show was a collection of songs and Grimm's fairy tales, put on by a quite energetic group of people. It was fun to watch, but since it really wasn't much more than variety show, it really didn't effect the audience much more than a children's show.

The last show was The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid, presented by the University of Iowa. The story is of the possible mental breakdown of Pat Garret, the man who is supposed to have shot Billy in the back. The set for the production was intriguing but the stage wasn't used with nearly as much variety as we had hoped.

The week long trip was an exciting, new experience which gave us a chance to show our stuff to another sort of audience. One correction to be made to another Courier article is that Clarke has only been entered in the ACTF for three years. Two of these years we have been chosen as a contestant, and last year's Cabaret was selected as an alternate. This gives a great deal of credit to the department, students and staff. It's nice to be back to a normal schedule of sleep and meals, (whatever normal may be for a drama major), but personally I'm looking forward to next year's festival, wherever it may be.



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formed on stage. At Clarke, the show was a night for an audience of under 500 people in a small, intimate space. The large audience of over 500. Apparently much of the deal and feeling of the play became subsumed in the action of the show. As a result, the audience just wasn't close enough to see and feel the effects being created through to see and feel the effects being wrought by the cast and the director, and the learning experience was diminished. And even though the show was a success, it was a disappointment.

The rest of the week was spent going to the other play entries at the festival, listening to their critiques, going to workshops, more parties and dances, visiting friends and relatives in the area, and finding favorite eating places.

A few of us went to the Wild Woods a Chinese restaurant, with complete decor of a rock waterfall in the corner and a cherry blossom tree over head. Saturday night the whole gang went to Talayanas, an Italian restaurant, where we

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cartoons 14 41 50

'Final Payments' questions strong Catholic Upbringing

... institution Mr. Moore lived by the the world Liz introduces her Eleanor and Liz did not, howe

A characteristic of a potentially good novel is to question moral values or moral teachings. Mary Gordon's 'Final Payments' does exactly that.

institution Mr. Moore lived by the Catholic teachings, responsibility and dedication being the two points he believed in most firmly.

Up until the time Isabel was 15, the two of them had a housekeeper, Margaret Morgan, to care for them. After his death Margaret told Isabel that Mr. Moore had been supporting her for the last 17 years and had promised to do so until she died.

In all of her attempts to be free and live her own life Isabel is haunted by the beliefs her father and the Catholic Church instilled in her. She felt she must follow Catholic teachings by continuing to support Margaret. At one point she becomes so obsessed with responsibility that one wonders to what extent an individual should suffer in an attempt to make others happy.

Isabel turns to Liz and Eleanor to help her re-enter the real world. Eleanor prepares Isabel to step into

the world Liz introduces her to. Eleanor and Liz did not, however, work together to make the transition easier for Isabel. In the end, these two friends, who had not worked together for quite sometime, realized and recognized the value of friendship, responsibility and teachings of the Catholic beliefs. Ironically it is the guilt feelings about these things that brings the three friends together as one again. Initially it was Isabel's guilt feelings that separated her from her friends, while at the same time bringing the three of them together.

'Final Payments' involves the reader to the point where the reader's emotions are inseparable from those of Isabel. As a reader of this novel one wonders where the line is drawn between church, family responsibility, and personal needs.

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A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a multi-story building with many arched windows, viewed from a low angle looking up. The image is heavily degraded with noise and artifacts, appearing as a grainy, high-contrast scan of a photograph. The building's facade is characterized by a series of repeating arched windows across multiple floors. The perspective is from a low angle, looking up at the building, which creates a sense of height and scale. The image is framed by a thick black border, and there are numerous black specks and streaks throughout, suggesting significant damage or degradation of the original document.

The above photos illustrate only a small portion of the culture Clarke drama students were exposed to during their recent trip to St. Louis. The top photo is of Switzer's licorice factory. The factory is located near the Mississippi River and is in an area that has survived changes of the times. The lower photo is of Eades Bridge which was built during the Civil War.

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SQUARE DEAL

Legendary myths surround St. Valentine's Day origins

by Peggy O'Connell
Staff Writer

"Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves . . . Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy preceptors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee . . ."

"This is the day on which those charming little missives, yelped (called) Valentines, cross and inter-cross each other at every street and turning . . . In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the heart — that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears — the bestuck and bleeding heart . . ."

Charles Lamb, an 18th century British author, captured the symbols and traditions of the celebration of St. Valentine's Day. Interestingly enough, valentine customs have little, if anything, to do with their namesake.

The feast day of at least two St. Valentines is celebrated on February 14. One St. Valentine was a Roman priest and physician who was martyred for assisting the persecuted Christians under Claudius II. The emperor demanded that Valentine renounce his faith, and, when the saint refused, he was severely beaten and finally headed on February 14, approximately 270 A.D.

The other St. Valentine, Bishop of Terni, was also decapitated. It is doubtful that he was killed on the same day in the same year, but when the memory of one saint was associated with one day, all saints with the same name often acquired the same feastday.

St. Valentine became the patron of lovers by coincidence only. A medieval legend sought to link the saint with the celebration long after the customs had been established. The legend says that the Roman Valentine wrote a note to the friendly daughter of his prison master and signed it, "from Your Valentine."

Oddly enough, many valentine traditions have pagan origins. The ancient Romans had a festival on February 15 called the Lupercalia. During the festivities boys drew billets on which a girl's name was written. The two were then to become lovers for the next day.

The early Christian leaders wanted to disconnect the practices from paganism, but they did not want to do away with the holiday commemorating affection, love and marriage. So the Church men moved the celebration to St. Valentine's Day and wrote saints' names on the billets. Both boys and girls drew

names, and, for the next year, the youths were expected to emulate the life of the saint whose name they had picked.

The compromise celebration continued, and over the years became closely akin to the Roman ritual. Early 19th century English and Scottish youths participated in a balloting process that promoted love pairings. The boys and girls drew names; one chose one partner and became partner to another. This accounted for an abundance of couples and, consequently, many balls, parties and other festive treats.

Cupid, the familiar symbol of Valentine's Day, is also pagan in origin. Cupid, the Roman god of love, is characterized and immortalized in mythology and art as a plump, winged cherub shooting his arrows of love in expectant, unwilling, or surprised humans.

Another popular belief concerning the day's origin is that birds begin to pair on February 14. The sending of a message was a reminder of this natural occurrence.

Out of this theory of origin grew the belief that wedded bliss was likely when one was chosen as or chose a Valentine. In "Hamlet," Shakespeare

immortalizes this traditional concept when Ophelia wishes that she could be outside Hamlet's window on Valentine's Day, because then she would surely become his wife.

The relation to the bird-mating season made people believe that, by lot or chance, their attentions would fall on a person of the opposite sex on Valentine's Day. People believed that the first unmarried person one saw on a morning Valentine's Day walk was a destined wife or husband.

Semantic problems may also have contributed to the connection between St. Valentine's Day and love. The Norman word for a lover of women is "galantine." Frequent mispronunciation of the "g" as "v" led to confusion and the ultimate association.

17th century Englishmen may have encountered some problems on Valentine's Day. Samuel Pepys, a diarist of the times, reveals the fact that the married and unmarried alike chose and were chosen as Valentines. Spouses didn't always choose each other. Pepys had the unfortunate experience of having a bachelor choose Mrs. Pepys as his Valentine, giving her a more expensive and more beautiful gift than her husband did.

Originally, a lad and lass gave gifts to each other. Then, as the holiday developed, only the boys gave a present to his girl. Valentine verses were, initially, only a sidelight to the gift. Eventually, a valentine became the verse itself.

Valentine card-making was a highly sophisticated art in the pre-mass production day. Valentines were beautiful, handmade tokens of love. Victorian valentines, with their abundance of lace, frills and sentimental verses are some of the most exquisite valentines of all times. In 18th century England there was even a handbook that showed samples and gave directions for making valentines of all types for all kinds of people. When lithography was developed, Valentines became available to the masses.

Sending Valentines is virtually unheard of in northern Europe. The custom came from England to America. In the early 20th century, Valentine's Day was celebrated primarily for the children's sake. Parents gave their children love messages and children sent valentines to their playmates and parents.

But Valentine's Day has once again become a day for lovers. Cards are big business. They range from simple to elaborate, and from flippant to deeply sincere.

Valentine vulgarity has been a common part of the holiday for many years. When the United States Post Office and postal rates were established, card-sending increased tremendously. In the early 1900's, the Chicago Post Office delivered 1,250,000 Valentines but rejected another 25,000 on the grounds that the cards were not fit to be carried through the mail.

But, a word to the wise and a warning to the wary: Valentine wishes are not to be taken lightly. Although the customs and the sentiments of Valentine's Day have deteriorated over the years, in its truest sense the day's message implies serious affection. The simple words, "You are my Valentine," intimate this: "I offer you my companionship of affection and love for the next twelve months, and I am willing to consider marriage if this companionship proves satisfactory for both of us."

Remember this when sending your Valentines and act accordingly.

And don't forget, when appropriate and necessary, send this tidbit of tradition along in your card bedecked with hearts and Cupid that says, "You are my Valentine."

Serious cards like this one, imply the original meaning of sentimental affection attached to the earlier valentines.

Florida: no tourist stop for tri-college biologists

by Carol J. Frahm
Staff Writer

Somehow when I registered for Marine Biology, the thought never crossed my mind that the "aquatic life" I would be observing on the Florida shores would be human. That thought didn't cross my mind until very early one morning when I was awakened by the uneasy feeling of water seeping through my sleeping bag. Determined not to become any type of "aquatic life," I stood for 45 minutes holding my sleeping bag and hoping the drenching rain would stop. At last I succumbed to the urgings of my tenting companions, Janine Bies, Monica Clements, Mary Ann Frommelt and Kathy Grove, and abandoned our tent for the dry confines of the station wagon, where we hoped we could sleep, even awkwardly, until breakfast.

At breakfast we discovered everyone was in the same boat; Clarke students Liz Petty, Peggy Frank and Lisa Draw had fled to the Loras van. (They traveled with Loras because it is impossible to cram eight Clarkies, one instructor and enough equipment and clothing for everyone into one wagon.) Others fled from the rain; some were lucky enough to stay pretty dry; but few sleeping bags escaped the trip to the laundromat later that day.

Let us get the wrong impression, let me say we did observe many scientific things — many marvelous things.

Marine Biology is a course offered jointly by Dr. Gerald Kaufmann, Loras; Dr. William Berg, University of Dubuque; and Father Dennis Zusy, Clarke, during each spring semester.

The two week field trip crisscrosses Florida, exposing students to subtropical vegetation, ecosystems, a few tourist attractions and much more.

For our class of 16, the trip began with a 30 hour drive, which ended at a state park near St. Augustine the afternoon of New Year's Eve.

Even more memorable than the Castillo de San Marcos, a Spanish fort built in the 17th century, and the picturesque shrimp boats in the harbor, were the plastic Christmas trees and Santa Claus in the waterfront park. Even when they were lit at night, it was difficult to convince yourself that they were Christmas decorations and that Christmas was only a week past.

On New Year's Day we got our first close-up view of the ocean as we walked along the beach to learn about the structure of the sand dunes. At St. Augustine, unlike anywhere else we encountered the ocean, waves rolled up onto the beach, creating a deafening, yet awesome roar, which for someone like myself, who never heard it before, was unforgettable. I was foot weary at the end of the day from our walk along the beach and our afternoon walk through the salt marsh which adjoins it, but I never once missed my usual New Year's Day fare of parades and football games.

On Sanibel Island, off the southwestern coast near Ft. Meyers, we visited a shell hunter's paradise. We spent most of one morning gathering a variety of shells, but it was easy since the beach is covered with thousands and thousands of shells. It is nearly impossible to walk anywhere without stepping on them and at first I felt guilty because I was breaking them, but as I learned later, I was only one step in an evolutionary process. Eventually the shell fragments will be formed into *Coquina*, a type of limestone commonly found in Florida.

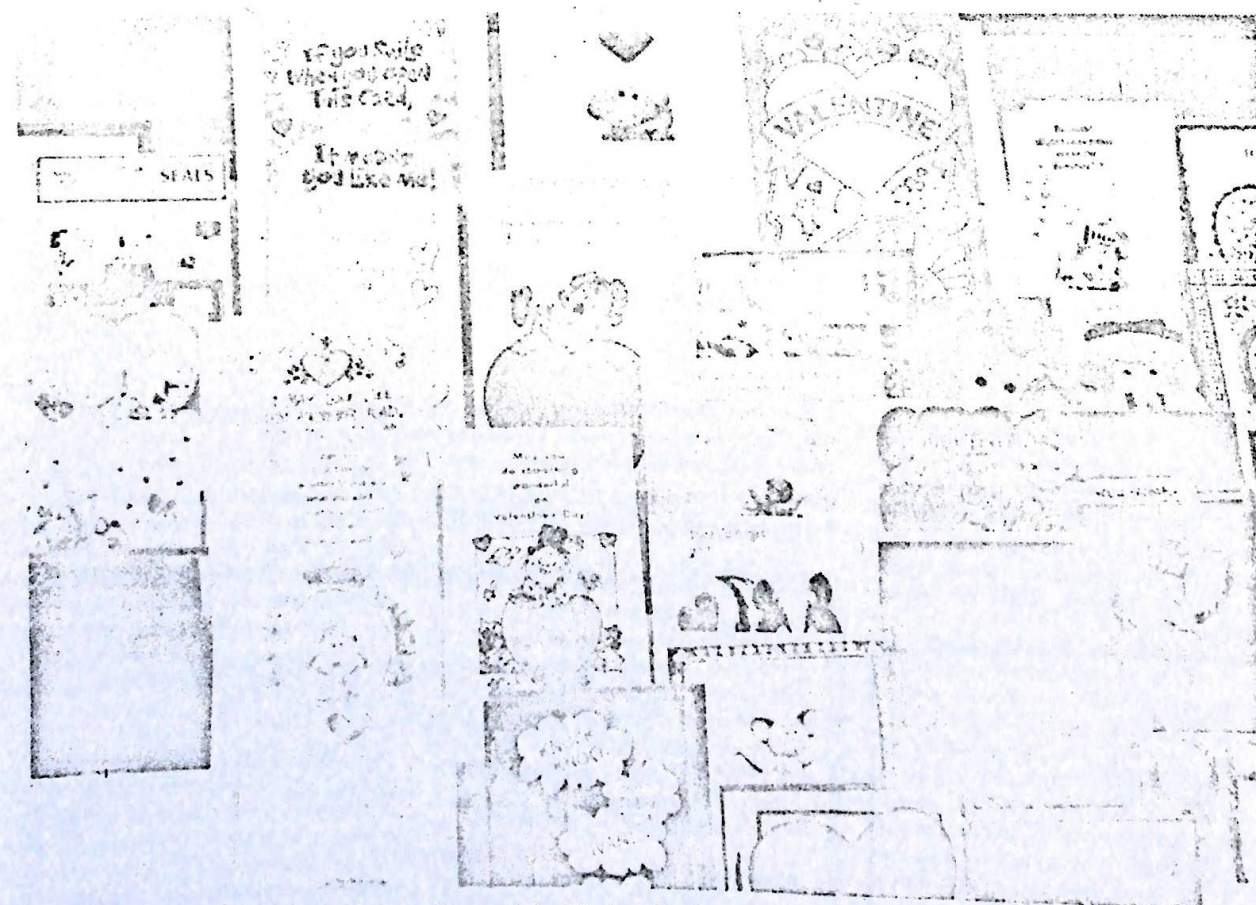
Our stay at Ft. Meyers was a chilly one. At night the temperatures dropped down into the 30's and we found ourselves wearing layer upon layer of clothes to bed. During the day, we donned winter coats and spent lots of time standing around the campfire.

South of Ft. Meyers, we stopped at the Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, a land tract owned by the National Audubon Society. The sanctuary contains a stand of virgin bald cypress, some of the oldest trees in North America, as well as other plant and animal life characteristic of the area.

The major portion of the trip was spent in the famous Florida Keys, a string of rocky islands, which extend in an arc along the southern tip of Florida.

In Keywest, a city of 30,000, we turned into tourists. We visited author Ernest Hemmingway's home and the numerous shops, which sold souvenirs ranging from shells to imported goods. We also caught glimpses of sidewalk entertainers

continued on page 5



Humorous valentines dominate the stock in Clarke's bookstore, however, traditional messages are still in demand.

photos by carole bishop

Marine biologists see Florida

continued from page 4

along the dock. We ate dinner at Captain Bob's, a much different setting than the picnic and campstove atmosphere to which we were growing accustomed. I, like others, seized on the opportunity to try a variety of seafood, (including turtle steak and the local delicacy, key lime pie.) I much prefer the key lime pie to the turtle steak.

In the waters off West Summerland Key, we tried our hand at snorkeling and conch shell hunting. Our efforts at snorkeling were cut short because the usually clear water was murky with sediment. The murky waters make conch shell hunting equally difficult. Instead of simply being able to see the large shells, we had to feel around with our feet. It was exciting to find a "something" that rolled under your feet, but I was apprehensive at times to reach down to pick it up. My conch shell, unlike anyone else's, was home to a very large hermit crab, something which gave me second thoughts about keeping it since he regularly came out to greet me as I held it in my hand.

At John Pennekamp State Park, we got a first-hand look at living coral reef. At the park, visitors can choose to ride a glass bottom boat, snorkel, or go scuba diving. While the view

from the glass bottom was enthralling and extremely beautiful. I'm told that actually swimming amidst the reef, seeing fish swim by and swimming right up to plant life is even more breathtaking and exhilarating.

One of our last stops was the Everglades National Park, where we observed the transition from a pine forest to the mangrove swamp, a common coastal community dominated by the mangrove. At various points during the drive through the park there are boardwalks and paths which take you through the different communities. On one of the walks we saw our first live alligator. At Flamingo, the last stop in the park, we were fortunate to observe a wide variety of birds including a scarlet ibis and white pelicans.

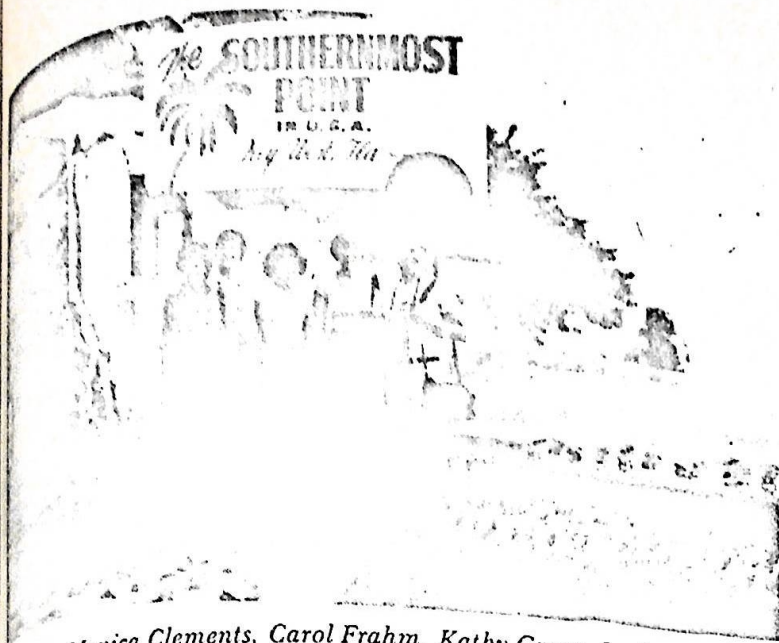
Packing the car and setting up camp became an artform of sorts for us.

One of our last campsites, World's Beyond, put our tenting abilities to the test. It was beautiful

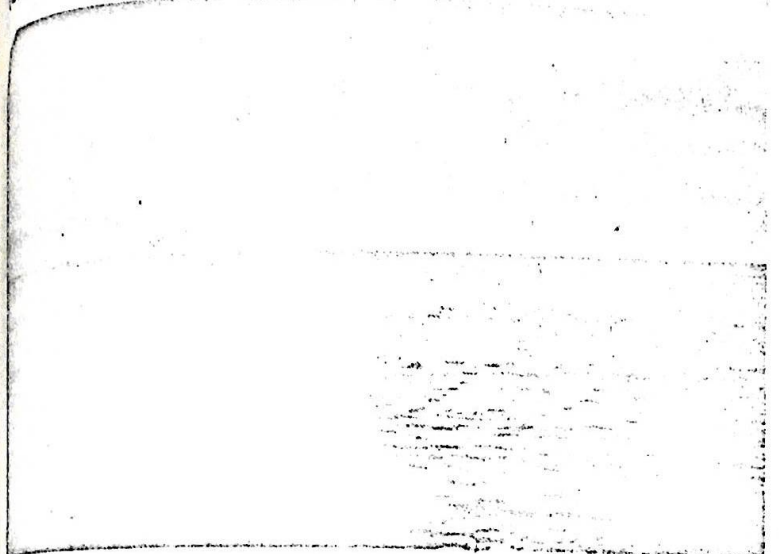
because we were within 75 feet of the ocean, but it was difficult because the tent had to be staked on very solid Key Largo limestone. One day when we returned to camp we found two tents completely down and two sagging badly. Only three (two of which were pup tents) remained standing.

Fairchild Botanical Gardens, our last stop before we headed home to "Ioway", must be considered heaven to any botanist. It would be easy to spend an entire day there and still have seen only a sample of the many varieties of plants.

Even though I didn't get to see Disneyworld, (We tried our hardest to convince Father Zussy to stop.) I was glad that I had seen Florida as a "marine biologist" rather than a tourist. We saw many things most tourists don't. After having seen the unending signs, restaurants and hotels of Daytona Beach, I don't think I missed much.

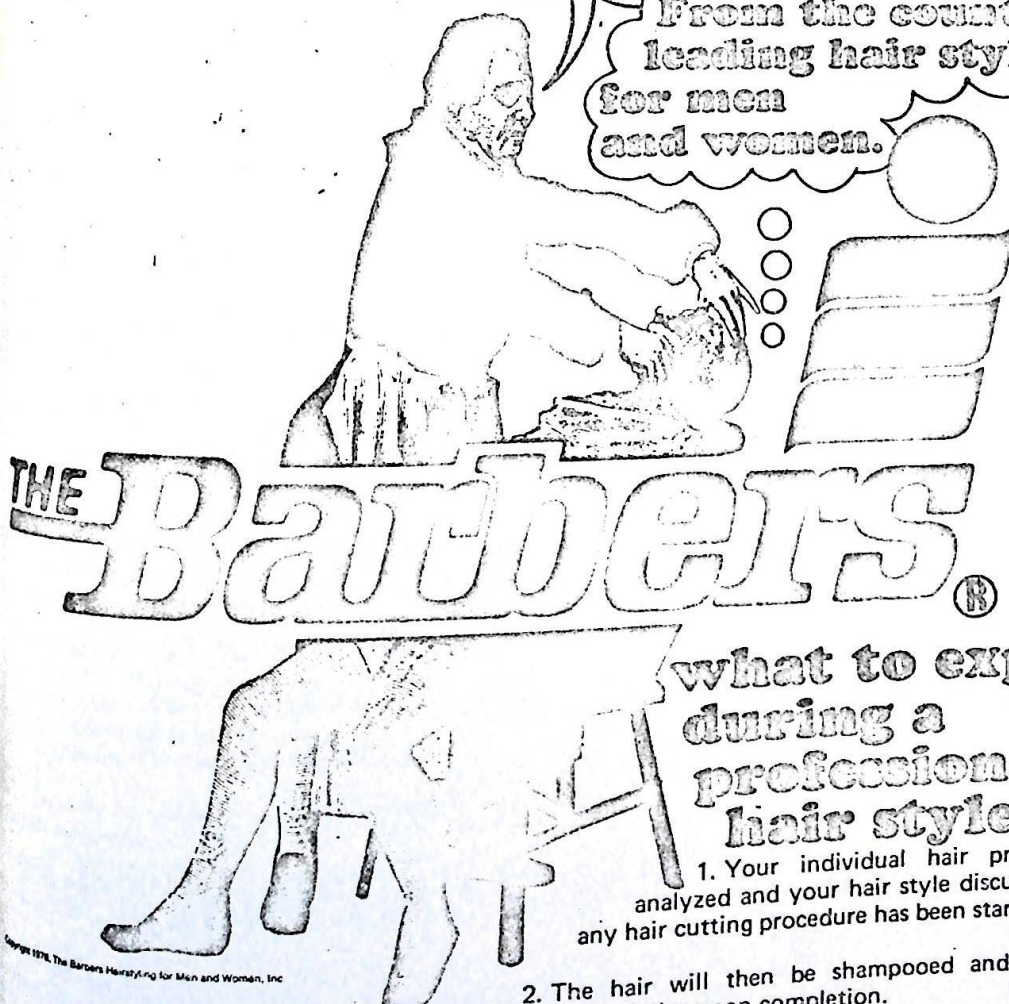


Biologists Monica Clements, Carol Frahm, Kathy Grove, Janine Bies and Father Dennis Zussy, surrounded by conch shells, strike a pose in Key West (above). Sunset, overlooking the Gulf (below).



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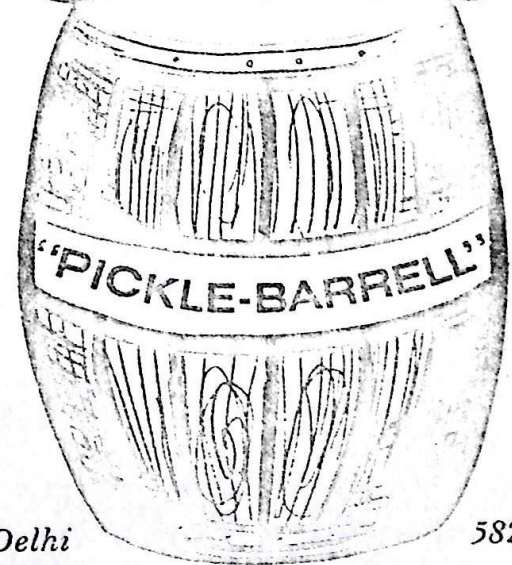
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around the dubuque colleges

Clarke's chapter of International Student Leadership Institute (ISLI) recently elected two new co-chairpersons. Shelley Vician, a sophomore, was elected to a two year term. Gloria Fleiss, a freshman, was elected to a one year term.

Clarke students are invited to an Open House Sunday from 2 to 4 p.m. in the Community Room on 2nd floor of Margaret Mann Hall. The open house is being sponsored by the BVM Sisters at Clarke as an event for students to socialize with them. There will be signs and guides to direct students to the Community Room.

The Cultural Events Budget and the reallocation of Departmental Budget Line Items were the topics of concern at last Thursday's Forum meeting.

The committee chaired by Sister Catherine Dunn discussed ways to conserve, consolidate and cut the Cultural Events budget. Questions were raised to who pays for departmental speakers, exhibits and recitals; do these funds come from departmental budgets or through cultural events? Recommendations will be made to the planning and budget committees.

Ed Watkins, Executive Director of the National Institute for Career Development, will be on the Clarke Campus February 19 and 20. Watkins will speak to Clarke administrators and faculty on "What a systematic Career Development Program can do for Clarke College." Watkins has developed a model process for small colleges to integrate a liberal arts philosophy with career awareness and preparation.

Sister Jane McDonnell and Dr. Michael Conlon, both of the Clarke English Department will speak at a workshop of the Iowa College of Teachers of English. Sister Jane will speak about the history of Clarke's Writing Lab, its funding and staffing. Dr. Conlon will explain the services that are offered to faculty and students in the Writing Lab at Clarke. Both will evaluate the past and make projections for the future.

The sophomore class will be taking orders for Valentines outside of the cafeteria today (Friday). Valentines will be delivered on all of the tri-college campuses on Wednesday, February 14.

The Loras Women's Basketball team will face Marycrest tomorrow night at 7:30 and Mount Saint Clare next Friday night at 7:00. Both games will be played in the Upper Campus Gym at Loras.

The Loras Duhawks play Saint Norbert's Saturday, February 17, at 7:30 p.m. in men's basketball. The Upper Campus Gym in men's basketball action.

The movie "Rockin in the Rockies" starring the Three Stooges will be shown Wednesday night at 10 o'clock in the Snack Bar at Loras. The Mel Brooks film "The Producers" will be shown on February 21.

Sunday, Feb. 11, Phoenix is sponsoring an informal lecture/discussion given by Philemon Mlambo, pastor and graduate student in counseling. The main topic of discussion will be "What's Happening in Rhodesia Today?" The lecture/discussion will take place at 7:00 p.m. in the Mary Jo formal lounge.

Tourney continues with Iowa schools

The AIAW Basketball Tournament kicked off its start with the Clarke Crusaders playing Upper Iowa at University of Dubuque, Thursday night.

The double elimination tournament assures each team of playing two games.

Surrounding schools included in the tournament are Loras, U.D., Luther and Wartburg.

This is Clarke's first time in the AIAW Tournament.

The joy of sledding

by Jill Hickey
Sports Editor

Having been brought up on the flat sidewalks of a straight suburban street, the inviting hills of Dubuque tempted my childhood dreams when they were covered with sparkling snow: true toboggan paths on mounds of wet entertainment.

Ignoring the fact that we had hours of homework ahead of us, a few fellow snow lovers and myself couldn't resist the new fallen snow's uncanny presence of cafeteria trays in our possession. Our first venture was a small one; the hills near Senior High School. It was at this point that I received my first lesson in the etiquette for proper sledding.

Dressed in several layers of anything that would insulate ourselves from the below zero weather, we approached the hills with ease and lack of fear. Mapping out an untouched path seemed most challenging, however, the surprise existence of rocks, ditches and ice patches taught us that a used path is a more logical direction to take.

Considering the size of a cafeteria tray in proportion to the size of a human being, one must question how both would fit comfortably down a hill. They don't. Still, scrunching legs and tucking under arms may not assure a pleasant ride, but are essential for a safe one.

Following several trips down the fairly easy slope, my friends and I felt we'd had enough experience to

attempt Suicide. -er, Bunker Hill. As if our treacherous trip through a 'mini-forest' wasn't enough to head us off, the size of the towering mountain before us was enough to make me consider turning back.

Nevertheless, being with determined teachers, I had no escape. The glistening snow shone brightly under an early moon only because it was a sheet of solid ice covering the packed snow. My attempts to climb the sleek bluff reminded me of a person trying to go up a down escalator: one step forward — slide two steps back. Half my friends were up and down again before I reached the middle. Following the tracks of those ahead of me, I eventually reached the top much to my own surprise.

This particular outing was different in that in addition to the skimpy trays, we were equipped with one large inner-tube and toboggan. Having lost my tray in the battle of getting up the hill, I was eager to try the toboggan. Yet, word reached the top that the toboggan had been lost in a collision with a clump of trees at the base of the mountain, leaving me with no choice but the inner-tube.

Situated with a fellow passenger, I refused to budge until I was sure it would be the last trip down — as I'd never get back up the cliff again. When the cold and time finally suggested returning, I prepared for the push-off. Unaware of the roller-coaster type of path we were going down, I was content with the smooth ride — at first. The final leap and descent at several miles an hour exasperated me to the point of numbness — favorably in the case of our "crash landing."

I made it back with the help of my frozen friends and we discussed our lesson over hot chocolate.

"The first rule is to dress warm," Jo and Ellyn suggested as they tried to encourage circulation in their purple legs.

Carrie explained the importance of proper equipment and pre-tested paths as she pulled broken tree twigs from her hair.

"Don't forget good shoes," Sheila and Cece added, "perhaps something with spikes would work better for Jill."

The most important lesson I learned, however, is the necessity of a high tolerance level to pain, which I'll have to practice — just as soon as my back straightens out, the bruises go away and my boggled head stops throbbing.

Crusaders lose to Grinnell 50-45

The Clarke Crusaders lost their final game to Grinnell Saturday night, 50-45.

Score at regulation halftime was tied at 40, until the Crusaders were out-scored 10-5 in overtime.

Coach Ron Mescall believes that the 19 turnovers hurt the game. He added, "At one point we had some of the old flare of aggressive defense." Yet, he attributes the loss mainly to the girls' "lack of stamina."

The Crusaders only brought seven players to the game, losing three to fouls and in the last 90 seconds of play, had only four players.

Top scorers were Annette Reiter, Becky Horsfield and Cindy Bell with 18, 17 and 10 points, respectively.

Reiter led the rebound action with 13.

Classifieds

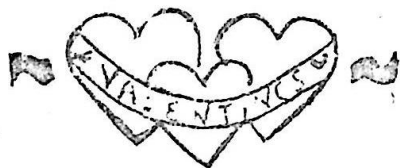
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Sue — Have a good time this weekend!

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To Frieda and Waterloo: Happy Valentine's Day to a cute couple.
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Karen loves Craig
Dolores loves Jay
Liz loves Red

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